

# The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTIMER, Proprietor.

INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live."

\$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. V., No. 30.

LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PENN'A, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 23, 1877.

Subscribers out of County, \$1.20

## CARDS.

**Furniture Warehouse.**  
V. Schwartz, Bank street, dealer in all kinds of  
Furniture. Coffins made to order.

**Best and Shoe Makers.**  
Walter Brody, in Levan's building, Bank street.  
All orders promptly filled—work warranted.

**F. P. LONGSTREET,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Next door to the "Carbon House."  
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.  
December 16-98.

**W. M. MAPSHER,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
Bank Street, Lehigh, Pa. Will Buy and  
Sell Real Estate. Conveyancing neatly done. Col-  
lectors promptly made. Settling Estates of De-  
ceased a specialty. May be consulted in English  
at German. Nov. 22.

**JAS. R. STRUTHERS,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Office—24 door of Rhoad's Hall,  
March Chunk, Pa.  
All business entrusted to him will be promptly  
attended to. May 27, 17.

**DANIEL KALBFUS,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
March Chunk, Pa.  
Office—above DeLo's Jewelry Store, Broadway  
JAS. E. LOOSE

**BERTOLLETT & LOOSE,**  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,  
Office—Corner of Susquehanna and Broadway.  
MAUCH CHUNK, PENNA.  
Can be consulted in German. 1 July 24 1877

**P. J. MEEHAN,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Next Door to First National Bank,  
MAUCH CHUNK, PA.  
Can be consulted in German. 1 Jan. 17

**H. A. BELTZ,**  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,  
Ober's Building, BANK-ST., LEHIGHTON.  
Conveyancing, Collecting and all other busi-  
ness connected with the office promptly attend-  
ed to. Also, Agent for the Purchase and Sale of  
Real Estate. April 15-77

**THOMAS S. BECK,**  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,  
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.  
Conveyancing, Collecting and all business con-  
nected with the office promptly attended to.  
Agent for first-class Insurance Companies,  
and Risks of all kinds taken on the most liberal  
terms. Jan. 9, 1875.

**W. A. DE HAMER, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON  
Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases.  
Office—South East corner Iron and 2nd sts., Le-  
high, Pa. April 3, 1875.

**DR. M. E. REBEK,**  
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
2008, Bank Street, next door above the Postoffice,  
Lehigh, Pa. Office Hours—Every day each day  
from 10 to 12 o'clock; remainder of day at office  
in Lehigh. Nov. 23, 77.

**W. G. M. SEIPLE,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Next to E. H. Snyder's store, BANK ST.,  
LEHIGHTON, PENN'A.  
N. B.—Special attention given to the Cure of  
Salt Rheum, &c. Jan. 12-77

**THOMAS KEMERER,**  
CONVEYANCER,  
AND  
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT  
The following Companies are Represented:  
LEBANON MUTUAL FIRE,  
READING MUTUAL FIRE,  
WYOMING FIRE,  
POTTSVILLE FIRE,  
LEHIGH FIRE, and the TRAV-  
ELERS' ACCIDENT INSURANCE.  
Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Home Title  
Guarantee and Insurance Company.  
March 20, 1875. THOS. KEMERER.

**IDEON KOSTENBADER,**  
ARTIST,  
GALLERY NEAR THE LEHIGH VALLEY HOUSE,  
Bankway, Lehigh, Pa.,  
Is prepared to make LIPISEAN PORTRAITS  
OF PERSONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS IN  
the most artistic manner, equal in all respects  
to steel engravings. He makes a specialty  
of ENLARGING PORTRAITS OF DECEASED  
PERSONS from types of all kinds. Charac-  
terized by moderate and reasonable prices. May 12

**DAVID EBERT'S**  
Livery & Sale Stables  
WATRY STABLE  
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.  
FAST TROTTER HORSES,  
ELEGANT CARRIAGES,  
And positively LOWER PRICES than any  
other Livery in the County.

Large and handsome Carriages for Funeral  
purposes and Weddings. DAVID EBERT.  
Nov. 21, 1875.

**BUSINESS MEN AND OTHERS**  
IN WANT OF JOB PRINTING  
OF ANY DESCRIPTION, WILL  
FIND THE CARBON ADVOCATE  
OFFICE THE BEST AND CHEAP-  
EST PLACE IN THE COUNTY  
TO PLACE A TRAIL AND BE  
CONVINCED.

**EVERY SOLDIER**  
who was wounded  
in any battle in service, can get a Pension by  
writing to JOHN KIRKPATRICK, Cambridge  
Ohio. Apr. 23-1877

## New Advertisements.

### THE LUNGS! CONSUMPTION!

This distressing and dangerous complaint and its preliminary symptoms, profuse cough, night sweats, hoarseness, wasting flesh, fever, permanently cured by Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry.

**BRONCHITIS**—A precursor of Pulmonary Consumption is characterized by catarrh or inflammation of the mucous membrane of the air passages, with cough and expectoration, short breath, hoarseness, pain in the chest. For all bronchial affections, sore throat, loss of voice, &c.

**DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND Syrup of Wild Cherry**  
IS A SOVEREIGN REMEDY.

It hemorrhages, or spitting blood, may proceed from the larynx, trachea, bronchia or lungs, and arise from various causes, as undue physical exertion, prostration, or fullness of the vessels, weak lungs, overstraining of the voice, suppressed evacuation, obstruction of the spleen or liver, &c.

**Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry**  
strikes at the root of disease by purifying the blood, restoring the liver and kidneys to healthy action, invigorating the nervous system.

The only standard remedy for hemorrhage, bronchitis, all pulmonary complaints, consumption or those predisposed to weak lungs, should not fail to use this great vegetable remedy.

Its marvellous power, not only over consumption but over every chronic disease where a gradual curative action is needed. Under its use the cough is loosened, the night sweats diminish, the pain subsides, the patient returns to his natural standard, the stomach is improved in its power to digest and assimilate the food, and every organ has a purer and better quality blood supplied to it, out of which new restorative and plastic material is made.

### DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND Syrup of Wild Cherry

It is a sovereign remedy for hemorrhage, bronchitis, all pulmonary complaints, consumption or those predisposed to weak lungs, should not fail to use this great vegetable remedy.

Its marvellous power, not only over consumption but over every chronic disease where a gradual curative action is needed. Under its use the cough is loosened, the night sweats diminish, the pain subsides, the patient returns to his natural standard, the stomach is improved in its power to digest and assimilate the food, and every organ has a purer and better quality blood supplied to it, out of which new restorative and plastic material is made.

### SAVED HIS LIFE.

**A REMARKABLE CURE!**  
Was that of Edward H. Hamont, Engineer at Lehigh, Pa. He had a violent cough, night sweats, sore throat, great weakness, spit at different times a pint of blood, gave up all hope of recovery. Through the use of Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, he became a sound and healthy man, and remains so to this day, although over twenty years have elapsed since he was cured.

**PRICE ONE DOLLAR.** Six bottles for \$5. If your druggist or street vendor does not sell it, we will forward mail order, freight paid, to any address, on receipt of price.

PREPARED ONLY BY  
**DR. SWAYNE & SON,**  
330 N. Sixth Street, Philadelphia.  
Sold by all Prominent Druggists.

**Itching Piles!**  
FILES, PILES, ITCHING PILES,  
Positively Cured by the use of  
**SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.**

**HOME TESTIMONY:**  
I was severely afflicted with one of the most distressing of all diseases, Pruritus or Itching Piles. The itching at times was almost insupportable, increased by scratching, and not unfrequently became quite sore.

I bought a box of Swayne's Ointment, and its use gave quick relief, and in a short time made a perfect cure. I can now sleep undisturbed, and I would advise all who are suffering with this distressing complaint to procure Swayne's Ointment at once. I had tried prescriptions almost innumerable, without obtaining permanent relief.

JOSEPH W. CHILDS,  
Shoemaker and Shoe House, 24 North 10th Street, Philadelphia.

**SKIN DISEASES.**  
SWAYNE'S ALL HEALING OINTMENT  
CURES ALL THE FOLLOWING: ECZEMA, SCALD HEAD, RHEUMATISM, BURNING ITCH, TUBERCLES, ALL SORES, CHURCHY, CUTANEOUS Eruptions, &c. Perfectly safe and harmless, even on the most tender infant. Price 25 cents. 3 boxes for 75 cents. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price.

Sold by all the leading Druggists.

Prepared only by  
**DR. SWAYNE & SON,**  
330 North Sixth-st., Philadelphia.

**USE**  
**ADORN YOUR HAIR.**  
**LONDON Hair Color Restorer**  
FOR RESTORING  
**GRAY HAIR**  
To Its Natural Vitality and Color.

**HERE IS THE PROOF**  
Of Its Superior Excellence.

Read this Home Certificate, testified to by Edward H. Garbino, one of the most eminent Druggists and Chemists in Philadelphia, a man who is verily none can doubt:

"I am happy to add my testimony to the great value of the 'London Hair Color Restorer,' which restored my hair to its original dark color, and the same applies to the permanent. I am satisfied that this preparation is nothing less than divine, and operates upon the secretions. It is a beautiful hair dressing, and promotes the growth of the hair. I purchased the 'Six Bottles for \$5' of G. Garbino, druggist, South and Center streets, and I would advise any hair was very gray when I commenced its use."

MRS. MILLER,  
No. 72 N. 10th St., Philadelphia.

DR. SWAYNE & SON—Respected Friends: I have the pleasure to inform you that a lady of my acquaintance, Mrs. Miller, is delighted with the success of your 'London Hair Color Restorer.' Her hair was falling rapidly and quite gray. The color has been restored, and the falling has entirely stopped by its use."

E. H. GARBINO,  
Druggist, Cor. South and Center Sts., Phila.

All that art can accomplish in beautifying, strengthening, thickening and softening the hair is effected by using 'London Hair Color Restorer.' It stimulates and forces a new growth of gray, restores its natural color, and renders it silky and beautiful; cures dandruff; keeps the scalp clean, cool and healthy. All directions on the box. Price 25 cents; six bottles, \$4. Sent by express to any address.

SWAYNE & SON, 23 N. Sixth St., Philada.  
SOLE PROPRIETORS.  
For Sale by all Druggists.  
July 17, 1877.

## How Readest Thou?

BY A FREE-THINKER.

"This one thing need to read the Bible through. And another thing to read, to learn and do. 'Tis something now to read it with delight, And quite another thing to read it right. But to the subject say but little heed: Some read it as their duty once a week. But no instruction from the Bible seek. While others read it with but little care, With no regard to how they read, nor where. Some read it as a history, to know How people lived three thousand years ago. Some read to bring themselves into repute, By showing others how they can dispute. What others read because their neighbors do. To see how long 'twill take to read it through. Some read it for the wonders that are there, How David killed a lion and a bear. Whilst others read, or rather in it look, Because, perhaps, they have no other book. Some read the blessed Book, they don't know why."

It somehow happens in the way to lie; Whilst others read it with uncommon care, But all to find some contradiction there. Some read as though it did not speak to them, But to the people of Jerusalem. One reads it as a book of mysteries, And won't believe the very thing he sees. One reads with father's spears upon his head, And sees the thing just as his father said. Another reads through Campbell or through Scott, And thinks it means exactly what they thought. Whilst others read the Book through it, Balloon and if it crosses his track, it can be true. Some read to prove a pre-adopted creed, Some understand but little what they read. For every passage in the Book they bend To make it suit that all important end. Some people read as I have often thought, To teach the Book instead of being taught. And some there are who read it out of spite, I fear there are but few who read it right. So many people in these latter days Have read the Bible in so many ways, That few can tell which system is the best, For every party contradicts the rest.

## One Farthing Damages.

In a darkened chamber, dark with the awful shadow still more than with the lack of material light, four persons were gathered around a bed, on which lay a man bearing in his face, the unmistakable signs of the summons which none can refuse to answer. A weeping girl knelt by the bedside, her face bent over the nerveless hand which lay upon the coverlet, and which she held as though by that convulsive clasp she could hold her father still to life. At a table, covered with papers and writing material, sat the dying man's solicitor, engaged in the preparation of his will. "What names shall I insert as trustees?" The dying man paused ere he replied with an effort:

"Geoffrey Howard, Major One Hundred and Eleventh, now in India. I have no other friend."

"In that case may I venture to offer my humble services, subject to the usual proviso. I should be delighted to be useful to Miss Hope; and if your friend is abroad there may be difficulties."

"True, Slyphorpe. I thank you. Make yourself trustee, then, with Maj. Howard, Legacy—\$200 for your trouble."

"Nay, my dear sir, quite unnecessary. I really—"

But again the ready pen traveled over the paper, and a quarter of an hour later Mr. Slyphorpe announced that the document was ready for execution, and in a low mechanical monotone read over its provisions.

"Yes, that will do, Give me a pen," he said, and with a shaking hand affixed his signature.

"Thank God, that's safe!" he gasped. "Mary, my child, you and Geoffrey—you and Geoffrey! What was I saying? God bless you, my darling! God bless—"

These were the last words Bernard Hope ever spoke.

A year had passed away since Bernard Hope's death, and Mary still remained an inmate of the house of Mrs. Murgatroyd, the good woman whom we have seen in attendance at her father's last illness, and who, to her occasional occupation as nurse, added the more permanent one of letting lodgings. Mary's sweet face and manner had quite won the heart of the good-natured landlady, who, was increasing in her endeavors to soothe her grief and minister to her comforts. But she had another trouble—none the less hard to bear than that it was one in which she could have few confidantes. Maj. Howard, of whom mention has already been made, was not only her father's most valued friend, but had insensibly grown very dear to herself, and when, six months before Bernard Hope's death, he was summoned with his regiment to India, he left Mary his promised bride. Twice he had written with the first few weeks of his departure, since which time there had been a terrible silence, and in the same week which left Mary fatherless a second blow, fell upon her. The One Hundred and Eleventh had been engaged in a smart skirmish, the number of dead and wounded being considerable. Maj. Geoffrey Howard was reported among the fallen, and Mary had to mourn at once her lover and her father.

The death of Maj. Howard left Mr. Slyphorpe sole trustee of Mr. Hope's will. This to Mary was a matter of the most perfect indifference. Suspecting evil of no one, she was as willing that her little fortune, amounting to some five or six thousand pounds, should rest in Mr. Slyphorpe's hands as in those of

any other person. But of late the attorney had begun to prosecute her with attentions which, under existing circumstances, would have been distasteful to anyone, but were doubly so from a person whom she could not help regarding with an instinctive dislike. And in truth Mr. Slyphorpe was not precisely the person to win a fair lady's fancy.

Undersized, high-shouldered, with blinking, lashed eyes, and a general angularity, not to say knobiness, of feature, he might have been expected to rise superior to any weakness as to personal appearance, but such was by no means the case. Mr. Slyphorpe one morning knocked at Mrs. Murgatroyd's door. That good lady was at the moment engaged in dusting Miss Hope's room, and catching sight of his approach, exclaimed:

"There's that nasty, worriting lawyer again, I do declare. Slyphorpe, indeed! I'd Slyphorpe him!"

It would be hopeless to endeavor to express on paper the intensity of meaning Mrs. Murgatroyd threw into her newly-colored verb. Mary smiled at the good lady's vehemence.

"My dear Mrs. Murgatroyd, you really shouldn't be so severe. Mr. Slyphorpe is a little peculiar, but I have no doubt he means kindly, and you know he is the trustee of poor papa's will."

"I know he is, my dear, and I wish he wasn't. I know he shouldn't be trustee to a cat of mine!"

At this point the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the gentleman in question, and Mrs. Murgatroyd, passing him with a final sniff of abhorrence, quitted the apartment.

Mr. Slyphorpe, for once in his life, appeared ill at ease. He was got up with his accustomed care, and the suggestion of scented soap which accompanied him was even stronger than usual; but his usual self-satisfied air was wanting. He evidently had something on his mind—some piece of rascality.

"My dear Miss Hope," he began, after the first greetings had been exchanged, "I grieve to be the bearer of very unpleasant intelligence."

Mary looked up with quiet indifference, scarcely believing that, after all she had gone through, any news, good or bad, could have for her more than the most passing interest. Slyphorpe continued:

"I am sure that you will believe I did it for the best; but misfortunes will happen, you know, even with the utmost care and caution. I am sure I thought the investment was as safe as the bank; but there's no trusting anything nowadays."

"What is the misfortune, Mr. Slyphorpe, for you haven't yet told me? Nothing very serious, I hope."

"Only too serious, my dear M—," he tried to say "Mary," but couldn't get it out, and substituted "Miss Hope"—"nothing less, I fear, than the loss of the whole of your little fortune."

Mary turned very pale, but gave no other sign of emotion. "How did it happen?" she said, with an effort.

"Your money was, as you know, in the 3 per cent., where it produced a miserable \$160 a year. In the hope of doing better for you, I sold out and invested it in a new mining company, the Wheel Marina, which promised to pay a minimum dividend of 10 per cent., and so would have just trebled your income. And this morning I am grieved to find from the Times that the company is an utter smash. The directors have bolted, and the shareholders will lose every penny of their money."

"Is all gone? Nothing left?"

"Not a sixpence, and you remain liable for calls to the amount of about as much more."

Poor Mary's fortune quite gave way. "O dear, what shall I do? I haven't a friend in the world."

"No, no, don't say that, Miss Mary," said Slyphorpe, in a gentle, patronizing manner; "it isn't as bad as that comes to. I haven't disguised my own feelings toward you, and, though you've lost your money, you know, that needn't make any difference between you and me. My affection ain't of the mercenary sort; in fact, as I got you into the mess (though with the best of intentions, mind you), it's only fair I should get you out of it."

Mary had hidden her face in her hands, but she became aware from the increased intensity of the all pervading scented-soap aroma that Slyphorpe was drawing nearer to her, and in another moment his arm was round her waist. She drew herself up proudly.

"Sir, I am willing to believe you mean kindly, but your offer under such circumstances is an insult. Be good enough to leave me."

It was two days after this scene that Mary Hope, with the Times before her, was answering advertisements for a governess. She had answered three advertisements, and had folded and sealed her letters, and now, with her little store of ready money, and calculating how long she could at any rate subsist before she found employment. In replacing her purse, her hand fell upon a portrait, which she took out and gazed at fondly. "Dear old Geoffrey, if you had lived, how different my future would have been! I suppose I ought to say God's will be done, but, oh, it's very, very hard!" A few moments she continued gazing through her tears at the portrait, when a sharp knock at the outer door started her, and she replaced it in the desk. She heard Mrs. Murgatroyd in conversation with some one, and then a quick, well-remembered voice said: "Where? This room!" And in another moment the

door was flung open, and Mary Hope was sobbing in her lost lover's arms.

Geoffrey Howard had been dangerously wounded, and had been a prisoner for the greater part of the year in an Indian dungeon, where for many weeks his life hung on a thread by reason of an attack of malignant fever. He had landed in England but twelve hours previously, and had not lost a moment in seeking the presence of his darling and her father, for: he was of course ignorant of Bernard Hope's death. Mary, too, had much to tell, and nestling by Geoffrey's side, her little fingers hidden in the rugged brown hands of her lover, which held them as though they would never again let them go, she told him all she had gone through—the loss of her father, the history of the will, and, lastly, the loss of her little fortune.

"I don't understand it," said Geoffrey. "The man has been playing some very deep game."

"Perhaps he really wished to get me more—what do you call it?—interest for my money. I dare say it was meant kindly; enough, though it has happened so unfortunately."

"I don't believe it, darling. If all had gone well you would simply have received your three per cent., and Mr. Slyphorpe would have pocketed the difference."

"O Geoffrey, Geoffrey! I'm afraid you have come home very uncharitable. Besides, what does it matter about a lot of stupid money, now I have got you back again? Unless, indeed, you would have liked me better for having the money."

There is only one possible answer to such an accusation, and Maj. Howard made it; that is to say, he called Mary a little goose, kissed her, and dropped the subject. On leaving her, he took a handsome cab, and drove to the office of the liquidator of the company, where, on his stating that he desired to make some inquiries on behalf of one of their shareholders, Mr. Slyphorpe, he was informed, to his astonishment, that there was not, and never had been, any shareholder of that name on the books of the company. He next inquired whether, perchance, the shares were standing in Miss Hope's own name, and again was answered in the negative. Utterly bewildered, he drove to Mr. Slyphorpe's office. Mr. Slyphorpe was at home, and he speedily found himself in the attorney's presence. Mr. Slyphorpe was a little nervous. He was always a little nervous with strangers till he knew their business, and Maj. Howard's announcement that he had called on behalf of Miss Mary Hope did not tend to increase his confidence. He was, however, far from suspecting Maj. Howard's identity, but jumped to the conclusion that he was a hostile solicitor employed by Miss Hope to call him to account. Maj. Howard's next remark tended to confirm that impression.

"You stated to Miss Hope, I think, a couple of days ago, that the property bequeathed to her by her father's will had been invested in the Wheel Marina Company, which has just come to grief. You are of course aware that an investment upon such a rotten security was a gross breach of trust, for which you are liable."

"Not at all; the power of investment is unlimited. Indeed, shares of companies are specially included."

"You are certain of that?"

"Quite so. I drew the will myself."

"Very good. The shares stood, I suppose, in your own name."

"Yes; in my name, of course as sole trustee."

"Then pray how is it, Mr. Slyphorpe, that I don't find your name among the list of shareholders of the company?"

"Mr. Slyphorpe's countenance fell."

"Because because—I may as well make a clean breast of it—to tell you the truth, the money was never in that company at all. It was a false alarm, sir, a false alarm."

"Then, where on earth is the money, sir? And what do you mean by a false alarm?"

"I'll tell you, if you'll have a little patience. As a brother solicitor, I'm sure you'll press harder on me than you're quite obliged. Miss Hope's money is in the Wheel Marina. Ann, one of the most flourishing companies going, and her shares are worth just double what I gave for them."

"What on earth induced you—"

"I'll tell you. Between ourselves, I've taken an uncommon fancy to Miss Hope, and I had made up my mind to make her Mrs. S.; but somehow she didn't take me quite as kindly as I could have wished. Now, the other morning when I took up the Times, almost the first thing I caught sight of was the smash of the Wheel Marina, and the similarity of name gave me quite a turn. For just at the first moment I thought it was the Wheel Marina. And then the thought struck me. 'If it only had been, my lady, you'd have been glad enough to say 'Yes' to Samuel Slyphorpe.' And then I thought I'd try it. It was merely a little innocent practical joke—a ruse d'amour, sir; a mere ruse d'amour."

And Mr. Slyphorpe smiled.

"You atrocious scoundrel!"

There was a sudden blow, a heavy crash, and Mr. Samuel Slyphorpe measured his length on the floor. The clerk outside, hearing the downfall, popped his head into the room, and seeing the state of things discreetly retired again, remarking:

"Beg pardon; thought you rang, sir."

knocked Slyphorpe down, proceeded to knock him up again; and with his own dandy cane, which stood by the side of the fireplace, gave him one of the most tremendous thrashings ever recorded in the pages of history.

And with no pomp or ceremony, no breakfast, no speeches, no wedding guests, with only good Mrs. Murgatroyd for bridesmaid, the two true lovers were made one. And six months afterward, in the Court of Queen's Bench, the great assault case of Slyphorpe vs. Howard, was tried, when the jury, in awarding one farthing by way of damages, expressed their unanimous regret that there wasn't a smaller coin.—London Society.

**Using his Influence.**

A good citizen, who has the cause of temperance at heart, was yesterday traveling up and down Michigan Avenue to watch for toppers and coax them to sign the pledge and mend their ways. They were willing to listen, but were obstinate about signing, and the good man went out to secure more influence. He met a butcher whom he had long known, and explaining the case to him, the butcher replied:

"They won't sign, eh? Well, now you see if they don't! They know me and they'll put their names down like a streak of lightning!"

Entering the store, he unfolded the pledge, and to the first one he said: "Tom, I want your fist to this."

"I'd rather not," said Tom.

"Put your name down here or I'll give you the worst thumping you ever got, and don't you forget it!" yelled the butcher.

Tom signed, and the man of meat crooked his finger at Jim, who didn't hesitate a minute. The third one didn't know the butcher, and said he wouldn't sign the pledge for no man.

"I guess you will—I guess you will!" said the butcher, as he rolled up his sleeves. "I'm coming now!"

He took the toper by the throat, flung him over a box of books and into a corner, and in thirty-nine seconds from the first dash the toper called out:

"Let up on me and gimme the pen!"

He signed, and then placing the three in a row in front of him, the butcher said:

"I'm temperance all over, and my whole heart is in the work. If I catch either one of you guzzling any more drink I'll tie you in a knot around a lamp post and pump you out with a fire steamer! G'lang now, and see if you can't convert some one else!"—Detroit Free Press.

**In a Washington Dry Goods Store.**

A good story is recalled of the wives of two officers, who, soon after the close of the war (apparently oblivious that the situation forthcoming might lessen pretension), went shopping on the avenue. One, the wife of a Captain, the other of an old veteran who had attained at the age of seventy his majority army service (both Brevet Major-Generals, of course), and wedded a fair maid of five and forty. Entering the store, which happened to be somewhat crowded, they fancied themselves slighted, and that they were not receiving the attention due the dignity their brevet assumption demanded, and were about leaving, when the proprietor, really a gentleman, advanced, saying:

"Ladies, I hope you won't leave; I'll send you a clerk in a moment to wait upon you."

"Why," said the frate dame, Mrs. Maj.—(her maiden blusher had vanished, and printed furrows of age were too visible for guile), "have you any idea who we are? This is Mrs. Gen.—, and the regular wife of Gen.—, both of the regular army."

"Madam," said the merchant, "I haven't got a clerk in my establishment under the rank of Colonel, and have only three Brigadier-Generals, and Col. Owen, the tailor (now deceased) whom I hoped to get, but just refused a Major-Generalship. I am negotiating with Gen. Grant and Gen. Lee, now that the war is over, for their services, and if you will look in next week I hope to have some of sufficiently exalted rank to wait on you."

The old ladies went to the next door for their winter fannel.—Washington Cor. Rochester Times.

—A stroke gave this country one of its greatest admirals. David Porter, senior, was once fishing on Lake Pontchartrain, where he was prostrated by a stroke. A man named Farragut kindly cared for him, and the son of Porter, subsequently known as Commodore David Porter, finding that Farragut was in moderate circumstances, with several children to support, adopted David when he was but seven years old, obtained him an appointment as midshipman, and kept with him until after the capture of the Essex.

—Dr. Schlemann has made some more discoveries at Mycenae. In the tomb previously explored he has found a great quantity of women's jewelry in gold, and handsomely worked. Immediately after commencing excavations at an adjoining tomb a large head of a cow in silver, with immense horns of pure gold, was found. A large girdle of gold, five gold vases, and immense golden buttons were also found. All these objects are said to be marvelously worked. Among other discoveries are nine silver vases and numerous swords of bronze, but no trace of iron work.

—Dentist to hysteric patient. "Don't cry, don't cry; if the neighbors hear you, they will lose confidence in my system of painless extraction."